

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 25, 1888.

[NUMBER 26]

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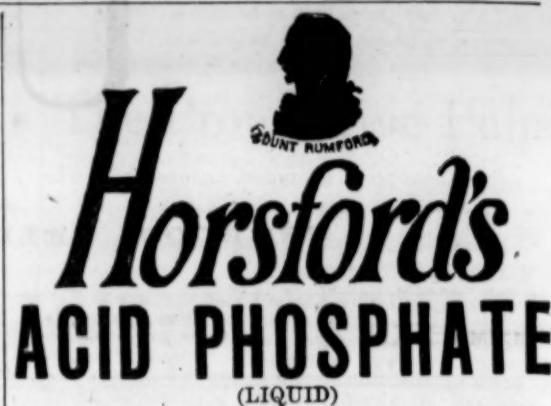
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EDITORIAL.

THE cross has no healing power until it is taken up and carried. To the hand that seizes it there is warmth; to the soul that bears it there is strength.

THE *Indian Messenger*, published in Calcutta, is elated over the success of the work done by the Pundita Ramabai in America, and says: "The training she is receiving is just the thing needed to fit her for the arduous duties of a reformer and philanthropic worker in her own country."

A WRITER in the *Ymofynydd*, the organ of the Welsh Unitarians, quotes Spurgeon as having once said that he "smoked to the glory of God," but thinks that that is a dangerous line of justification, and asks the pertinent question: "How can a minister effectively preach self-denial while he himself conspicuously practices self-gratification?"

THE least justifiable of all bigotry to-day is Unitarian bigotry, because the chief justification of Unitarianism lies in the fact that it is a protest against bigotry; it is an appeal from external authority to internal sincerity. In all questions of dispute, the Unitarian should "move the previous question,—" the question of right doing and loving.

THE *London News* says: "An American critic is very angry with Mr. Browning because that gentleman's poetry is unintelligible to him. Mr. Browning might use the retort of another great poet, and reply, that 'the clearest handwriting is not decipherable by twilight,' but he will probably preserve a dignified silence. It seems hard that a man can't write as he likes, since no obligation is imposed on anybody to read him."

WHAT a grand idea of the patience of God does the new science furnish us when it tells of the slow progress of man's growth on this one little planet! Eighty thousand years, perhaps, since the primitive savage first showed his manhood by chipping a stone for a tool! If he has waited a hundred thousand years for the first glimmering of conscience, may we not learn to have patience with our own struggling generation?

Is conscience the "voice of God in the soul of man?" Of course He does not dictate human action. That is left to the individual judgment. Through whatever way it has come, whether through the slow process of growth, becoming stronger by every act of obedience, or not, the sense of obligation in conscience tells of a Will not our own. But how do we know that Will is worthy of trust? Only by trusting.

A CORRESPONDENT to the Germantown *Telegraph*, alluding to the reception given to Mr. and Mrs. Clifford, spoken of in our news column, indulges in the following bit of prophecy, based on history, which runs so parallel with UNITY's faith and aims that we are anxious to pass his words along to our readers: "Looking upon this scene, I could not but contrast it with the impossibility of such a gathering as this twenty years ago, when the word 'Unitarian' carried with it an opprobrium which few outside of its pale had the courage to question. The growth, as far as numbers, has been slow, but as regards influence it has been sure and strong; it has gone out as a leavening process, removing barriers, widening thought, and strengthening reason,—that soul-given quality of man. The world perhaps is loth to admit this truth, but Unitarianism has liberalized the orthodox church, as homeop-

athy has mitigated the doses of allopathy. With this liberating of thought, this bringing together of all denominations in generous expression of good will, evinces to my mind the dawn of true Christianity—the expression of brotherly love, the keynote of Jesus's teachings. And this is the lesson of the hour!—a dawning of that millennium when all sects can meet and clasp hands on the common but sacred ground of 'love to God and love to man.'"

A PRIVATE letter suspects that the following story "is too profane for the pages of UNITY," but we think it contains so much pathos and tender humanity that our readers will not think it irreverent. A kindly woman, before whose place of business a small squad of Salvation Army people had marched for months, was aroused on one of the bitter nights in January once more with the tambourines and the "Jesus marching" song. And the kindly voice of the motherly soul artlessly said: "There they go again, poor creatures! Still a following Jesus. I do hope they will soon overtake that man!"

WE are not disturbed by the apparent alarm in some quarters, lest either our Unity Clubs or our Unitarian Churches will lose their sanity over Browning any more than over Emerson, Socrates or the Book of Job; eventually all these will go for just what they are worth; but from time to time, as space permits, we will continue to offer such helps to the study of all these students of soul as come in our way, to show that there is sense even in the most forbidding of the Browning poems to those who apply sense to the study of the same; we print elsewhere the results of such a search among the lines which even the Browning student is generally inclined to skip, "The Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau."

THIS bugle note of alarm from the *New York Observer*, the organ of the Presbyterians, is a significant sound to all won to the liberal fold of faith and more rational modes of thinking: "Unimportant, unsubstantial, ephemeral as 'new theology' may appear to the historian or philosopher, it is nevertheless a power in the present. It has taken possession of some of the heights of Zion in New England. Not only at Andover, but in New Haven, it is an appreciable element in the religious atmosphere of the churches and the schools. It is influential in some of the churches in Boston. It is believed to have a standing in other theological seminaries where its position is not prominent." The leaven is working, almost faster, the pessimist might say, than we could have hoped. And that the new theology "is believed to have a standing" in seminaries not openly given over, is good orthodox evidence of a fact long since patent to impartial and intelligent observers.

THE idea of ownership has been of incalculable assistance in the evolution of society. But all the history of evolution teaches us that even the most helpful of human ideas must pass away and give place to others broader and deeper. Property rights can not be the eternal basis of social laws, because they are not adequate measures of the soul-realities. What if the next great advance in social evolution were to substitute trusteeship for ownership, property as an obligation, not an indefeasible right! This is the higher law of the Gospel: Life is a trust put into thy hands. "Give account of thy stewardship." There is food for thought in this passage from *Morgan's Ancient Society*: "Since the advent of civilization the outgrowth of property has been so immense, its forms so diversified, its uses so expanding and its management so intelligent in the interests of its owners that it has become, on the part of the people, an unmanageable power.

The human mind stands bewildered in the presence of its own creation. The time will come, nevertheless, when human intelligence will rise to the mastery over property and define the obligations of its owners. A mere property career is not the final destiny of mankind, if progress is to be the law of the future as it has been of the past. The time which has passed away since civilization began is but a fragment of the past duration of man's existence, and but a fragment of the ages to come. The dissolution of society bids fair to become the termination of a career of which property is the end and aim; because such a career contains the elements of self-destruction."

THE following bit, which is going the rounds of the papers, recently lit up at least one Emerson class, and it is good enough to make a text for a searching talk in many other Emerson classes,—perhaps to suggest to some one the possibility of starting an Emerson class, which means the bringing together of a certain number of souls in the sincerity of the spirit, the acuteness of intellect and that fellowship of heart that will transfigure common problems and shames the common flippancies of life. "An old washerwoman in Concord, at work one day, as it began to grow dark unrolled her sleeves and said she must go home and get ready for Mr. Emerson's lecture. 'Why, are you not too tired to go?' she was asked. 'Oh, no, indeed; it always rests me,' was the reply. 'But do you understand what the lecture is about?' continued her questioner. 'Well—no,' was the answer; 'but it does me good to see him stand up there looking so beautiful and telling us all we are just as good as he is!'

PROFESSOR BLACKIE says, in his article on "Festivals," in the Encyclopaedia Britannica: "To trace the festivals of the world through all their variations, would be to trace the entire history of human religion and human civilization." This is strikingly illustrated in the festival of St. Valentine, just celebrated,—the lightest and most secular festival of the year; but even this leads us back of Christianity; back of Rome itself to the old Lupercan festival held on the Palatine hill in honor of Lupercus, the "Protector from Wolves,—" the divinity of a shepherd people. The feast of the Lupercalia came at nesting time, when the currents of life began to flow more genially; when the flocks went forth in search of tender grass. The story of the festival all the way down is instinct with humanity, and the childish prattle of to-day is the distant echoes of old time reverences. Their mirth is the silvery refrain of antique solemnity. The frivolities of this week lead us back to the temple door, and the study of them enlarges and deepens the life.

WHY did not somebody think of it before? Mr. Simmons, the president of the Board of Education for the city of New York, is in the way of making himself famous by his suggestion of putting the American flag into all the public school-rooms of America. His "reform" is greeted with enthusiasm from all parts of the country. In connection with this, it is suggested to make a regular feature of patriotic songs and the celebrating of National anniversaries in our public schools. When we remember what a large population of foreign birth there is to be educated in this country, and that there are thousands of native born children of German and Scandinavian parents who can not read or even understand the English language, we continue to wonder why this thing had not been thought of before. While so many school boards are agitated over the question of German in the public schools, it may be well for some one to move the introduction of "United States" into the schools, whose main purpose ought to be the making of intelligent and noble citizens of the United States.

THE *Andover Review* for February gives to the much-abused, so-called "lost" heathen a great message of hope. We clip from it the following editorial statement of no uncertain sound: "The theory which confines the redemptive work of the spirit to this life, not only runs counter to the current of Biblical representations of the nature and purpose of

that work, but empties history of its religious sincerity and reality. . . . Probably the chief reason which now holds men back from admitting this 'hypothesis' [of the spirit's temporal mission beyond the limit of death] is its supposed bearing on the seriousness of present opportunity under the gospel. But a right conception of the spirit's mission would supply the necessary cautions, and at the same time avoid fettering it with conditions which, to say the least, are apparently incompatible with its true and glorious universality." A little more generous taking down of the bars and the whole flock of the fear-stricken, honest doubters, who have so long trembled before their conception of divine justice, may once more lift hopeful eyes to the future.

Editorial Wanderings.

Last week the senior editor was on wheels again. After launching his own Unity Club on Monday evening into the study of George Eliot's "Felix Holt," with a paper on the same, and enjoying with his Tuesday evening class that most brilliant chapter of John Fiske on the "Genesis of Man Intellectually," he severed unceremoniously the many subtle and vital strings that bound him to Unity and All Souls, and took the cars Wednesday morning at 8:30 and enjoyed a vacation of five hours, at the end of which time he was landed at Lafayette, Ind., the seat of the Purdue University. This represents one-third of the higher educational institution of the state. The industrial and technical branch. The literary and classic third is at Bloomington, and the Normal third at Terre Haute. It was in the afternoon that he visited this institution, resting placidly upon the ample lawn of its two hundred acres' experimental farm—"the richest land in the world, the best of the Wabash lands, which is the best anywhere," is the way they put it. The class rooms were closed, but the boys were at work in the shops. Lathes and circle saws, forges, pattern-making tools and molding troughs made bright the eyes and flushed the cheeks, that somehow we feel have a pathetic tendency to be sad and blanched in Indiana,—the land of malaria, the ancestral home of the ague, and the traditional market for quinine and cholagogue. How manly did these boys look at their benches, how easily did it seem in that presence to make toil classic and to compel labor to give cultured dignity to the laborer. But Purdue believes in co-education, and there are girls on the campus and in the halls, bright, healthy, legitimately boisterous. The catalogues and programmes, as well as the testimony of the professors, show that they carry off their full share of the honors of the institution, and that they are equal to its tasks; and when we went in search for their manual training and technical culture, we found traces of it in rather cramped quarters, where some creditable wood-carving is being done—oak leaf ornaments for bedsteads, rosettes for the corners of looking-glasses, etc. We found a bright class at work painting in oils a vase that stood on the stand, and learned that they have opportunities to train their fingers in modeling and drawing. This is very well. We hope that the public spirit of the place leads the boys to seek these same things; but why should not a girl know how to saw to a mark and to drive a nail without hitting her thumb? Why should she not learn how to dovetail a box, make the pattern in wood, and even mold the same in sand? None of these tasks require as much muscle as washing clothes, ironing or sweeping; and if there is brain culture in this kind of activities for young men, why should not the young women avail themselves of the same discipline? We were told that there is nothing to prohibit girls from taking such training at Purdue, except that the girls do not ask for it. They have not quite courage enough to take it. We wait for the girls who will have courage enough to take these tempting, life-giving courses of instruction offered in our technical institutions. There are fine careers waiting such girls.

But Purdue is not unmindful of the wealth of letters, and Mrs. MacRae, the Professor of English Literature, is wise enough to take her classes into those fields where help is needed, rather than waste the college years in the reading of

those things that need no study, and the acquiring of facts and dates which can always be kept within reaching distance in a \$15 encyclopædia. Her classes have wrestled with Emerson's "Nature" and cognate thought and writers, and are just now entering upon the study of Browning, to aid and abet which was the object of the editor's visit. Perhaps 150 people gathered in the lecture room of the second Presbyterian church down town in the evening, the faculty and students of the college being well represented. Thursday evening he told the same story to a parlor full of people in Indianapolis, in the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Horace McKay, and in the afternoon had time to visit the phenomenal Plymouth church, shaped and directed by the independent minister, Oscar McCulloch. Some friend, mingling an architectural fling with a spiritual compliment, has dubbed this church, "The Providence Depot," so unconventional is it in form, so full of benefactions is it in its activities. Here the "gates are never shut by day." Institute work, like that of the Athenæum in this city, the Charity Organization Society, and lecture-room work, with many fresh and vital phases of church life, are all realized in this building.

Friday morning the editor breakfasted at home. On Saturday morning he was again on wheels, leaving his own pulpit in the hands of Secretary Effinger for Sunday morning, and Mrs. Jones for Sunday evening while he went to inaugurate the University course of Liberal Lectures and Sermons at Champaign, the seat of the Illinois State University. This work is inaugurated by the combined efforts of the Illinois State Unitarian Conference and the American Unitarian Association, the former giving time and labor, the latter paying the incidental expenses. Prof. S. A. Forbes, State Entomologist, chairman of the local committee, had the plans well matured, and, although the weather was of a kind to dampen ardor, over 200 people were out at Armory Hall to listen to the lecture Saturday night, Professor Peabody, Regent of the University, introducing the speaker. On Sunday afternoon the Congregationalists hospitably tendered the use of their church, and over a hundred people were present. All the indications are that good will come of this movement. Six fortnightly visits are arranged for this spring, and six more for next autumn. The editor's coach called for him at 2 A.M., and the wheels brought him home to a Monday morning breakfast.

"We See as We Are"—in Men.

"Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still:
'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,—
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings."

So said the listening Emerson. And the song that he heard in "the mud and scum of things," the ear is growing in many men to hear. Oppressions linger, and crimes and ignorance abound among us,—still, look *around*, and then look *back*, to see how the spirit of society toward its younger and poorer members and lower classes and more degraded races is changing for the better. The change will be a cause, but it is also, and it is first, the consequence of a finer moral tone within ourselves. "We see as we are." In men to-day we are seeing more because we *are* more ourselves; because the average amount of manhood incarnate in 150 pounds of flesh and bones and nerves is greater than it used to be.

For example, the *school*: the "New Education" assumes that the child is a being all wings and faculties, and that the teacher's part is not to put knowledge into a mind-box, but to tempt the wings and faculties to grow. To the right-seeing teacher the school of to-day is an angel-garden. Again, the *prison* has long been the den where the most dangerous could be herded out of society's sight; for those whose fangs proved most injurious nothing better than killing could be devised. It is not the

discovery of this century that our criminals are men and women like ourselves, that souls and consciences go behind the barred gates and into the striped clothes; but only after all these centuries of growth have our eyes come to see that fact plainly enough for us to think of prisons as reform schools, and of reform schools as a kind of public home. To-day the aim in the best prisons is nothing less than to create a citizen,—to give back to society a self-supporting, self-controlling, self-respecting man in place of the untamed creature that went in. The sacredness of the human being is growing in our eyes, and we see more to respect in these our troublers, because we have more to respect in ourselves; we *are* more, and as we are, we see. So, too, with the treatment of the *insane*, and of those maimed from their birth in mind. It is but a century since men saw in them beings past the touch of reasonable and kind address. To-day we watch miracles of resurrection wrought by the touches of human sympathy and human patience. The insane asylums of our land have been radically changing the last ten years to adapt them to the system followed so successfully in certain English and Scotch asylums,—a system of unbarred windows, scarcely locked doors, open fire-places, and homelike entertainments for the maimed in senses: think of a Dr. Howe feeling his way to Laura Bridgeman's imprisoned soul, and finding that soul, and bringing it forth to society along the pathway of a single sense,—the sense of touch, left in the palm of Laura's hand. The feeling for and finding of Lieutenant Greeley in that hidden cove of the wild iceberg land was nothing to it. Dr. Howe's act of discovery is the type both of the science and the humanity of this century.

And thus it is in all our relations with each other, all human relations. The nation's conscience has at last begun to stir, even in our relations with the *Indian*. The savagery of *war* grows more horrid in the light of Healing Commissions and Peace Tribunals. Yes, even the savagery of that minor war that with audacious honesty we call "*sport*"—I mean the war man makes upon the races lower than himself, the tribes of brute and bird and fish; the "*war*" on them in mere pursuit of human fun,—bear-baiting, bull-fights, fox-hunting, pigeon-matches, squirrel-matches, and the common hunting and the common fishing, too; for, so far as these last are done for sport, they have to class with those discarded cruelties; and war, again, upon these humbler lives in mere pursuit of human decoration,—women's feathers; even this, I say, is growing over-bloody for nineteenth-century eyes, over-thoughtless for nineteenth-century minds and hearts. In the very brutes we are descrying more man-likeness, and in their natures ground for applying the Golden Rule, "Do by them as you would be done by were you a brute," as fast as we become more man ourselves.

Within a young man's memory the word "*slavery*" has become an abomination in people's ears. Garrison's motto no longer seems too strong,—"*a covenant with Death and an agreement with Hell*." John Brown "wins the world through shame." The readjustment of the *laborer's* relation to capital is the great question at issue now; no doubt will be the great question for the next few hundred years, for it is but the modern form in which the mediæval, or rather the chronic, problem of emancipation confronts the civilization of to-day. How it stared us in the face here in Chicago when those men, martyrs in their own eyes of a sacred cause, were waiting death! Death which will brand our civilization two hundred years hence,—murderer-martyrs though they be, and necessary as it is that in some way bomb-throwers be disabled from trying again their deadly ways of reformation. But the fact that so many of our best minds are already engaged upon the problem in full sympathy with the laborer, shows how different our vision of what have been called the "lower classes" is from that which has hitherto prevailed. Now, even when a prophet like Carlyle speaks slightly of the masses,—"*England is twenty-seven millions, mostly fools*,"—and especially when he writes of ourselves, "*America is eighteen million bores*," we only laugh and pity the seer. When Emerson speaks of the "*guano-races*" of mankind, we re-

member his "Boston Hymn" and the other noble utterances, and that his grim phrase is but the terse way of stating a half-truth. Never before, I suppose, has there been such a widespread hopefulness for mankind's future on the earth, or off the earth, and never so much charity of heart and helping of hand to those men and classes and races who seem the farthest down among their brothers.

"Power to become sons of God!" What grander text in all the Bibles of the world than that one out of John's mystic explanation of the Divine Light that has transformed the world from chaos to order, and men from brutishness to glory! "Power to become sons of God,"—it is the great cry ringing through all the earnest struggles upward of the oppressed, and the great inspiration which nerves every man to do his utmost by and for and with a poorer friend. "We see as we are:" do men appeal to us in this way as beings with power in them to become the sons of God? Are the streets full of souls to us, or only of bodies more or less clean, more or less agreeable, more or less fashionably clothed? A look of scorn in my eyes, a feeling of indifference or contempt in my heart, at any ignorance or shame I might see in a shanty or a street car, would convict me to myself of being something like what I thought I saw. If I were the son of God, I should see the sonship in all others, even in those bomb-throwers. Or look from streets right into our own homes: how is it with the children and the sick and the feebler-minded, in our homes? What do we "see" in them? The slowness and the bother and the ill-temper and the weak will? If that be all, then alas for us! "We see what we are," and he who sees no more than that reveals how little more there is within himself. *The best man thinks the best of others.* Perhaps the secret of Jesus's power with the common people was that of many another of their best teachers,—he saw more in them than less pure eyes saw. If we use the name "God," then, because God stands for best of all, none thinks so much of you as he! It must be so, according to this law of insight; and is not that encouraging?

The Christ sees white in Judas' heart,
And loves his traitor well;
The God, to angel some new heaven,
Explores his lowest hell.

Through the degradation and the ignorance and the sin the pure eye pierces to the live soul deep within,—that slumbering embryo in which humanity and civilization and eternal life lie folded up. And if ever we feel despondent at the long delays of history and the seeming worm-likeness of human life, the trouble may be that we are seeing too much as we are ourselves. Perhaps we had better murmur to ourselves the verse from Mrs. Whitney's poem about the "larvæ," and with humility we may regain our patience:

"What if God's great angels whose waiting love
Beholdeth my pitiful life below
From the holy heights of their heaven above,
Couldn't bear with this worm till its wings do grow?"

W. C. G.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Sea-Mosses.

Frail, delicate sea-moss,
Born where the wild tides toss,
Where pale pink coral clings,
Where mermaids and sea-kings
Sport, laughterless and mute,
With dolphin, shark and newt,
Or cleave the cool, green tide
By the sea serpent's side—
Crude, undeveloped thing,
Created but to cling
To some rude, ragged rock
That breasts the ocean's shock—
What message have you brought
Meet for a poet's thought?

Softly the silence stirred
In answer to my word:
"In Nature's lowest forms,
As highest, God's love warms
And thrills the universe;
In love all being stirs—
The savage beast's low cry,
The poet's threnody
Are one, when once is shown
God's life in Nature's own.
From sea worlds up to suns
One loving purpose runs;
Seas roll, worlds swing, stars shine
By the same love divine
That thrills my life and thine,
My message, God's—His, mine."

JULIA MILLS DUNN.

What Can Unitarianism Do for the Heathen?

The above question was asked, but not answered, by the *Christian Advocate*, in its issue of December 29, 1887. Had the writer of that remarkable article asked, "What can Unitarianism not do for the heathen?" his reply to a self-made inquiry might have been as satisfactory to others as the attempted reply was presumably to him. Perhaps the writer is still anxiously seeking light as to the possibilities of the "ism" which he so ridicules, and the following suggestions may be of service to this inquirer, and perhaps to some others:

First. Unitarianism can carry correct views of God to the heathen. It can teach and preach that "God is love," that He is a "present help in time of trouble," that they shall have none other gods but him, that He is a Father, Saviour and Friend. This will work a great reformation among heathens who have long sat in gloom over ideas of an omnipotent butcher and revengeful fireman,—ideas which were unknown in foreign lands, until popular Christianity had planted its banners within their bounds.

Second. Unitarianism can carry to the heathen correct ideas of the unchangeable nature of God. It will not represent God as now loving, now angry, cruel, hateful. It will not represent Him as now present to bless, and now absent from his needy creatures. It will teach that God is always near and at hand to bless and cheer all classes of men whosoever they call upon Him. It will teach that God's love is that of both father and mother, in its abiding and tender nature; nor will it confuse the mind of the heathen by preaching the existence of three gods, all sovereign, equal in power, yet so divided as to render it difficult to know whom to worship.

Third. Unitarianism can carry to the heathen a salvation which saves men, not in their sins, but from them. It will demand righteousness of the individual, and not goodness based upon another better than himself. It will demand confession and repentance as means of atonement, such as is genuine and followed by an upright life, rather than a reliance upon an innocent substitute. It will never make the pure Jesus a scapegoat for the sins of men, but leave him as an example for all time, and as one in whom God was manifest as He can be in others.

Fourth. Unitarianism can preach an immortality full of hope in foreign lands, as it can and does at home. It will not preach hope to its intelligent auditors at home, and preserve hell for its inferior hearers abroad. It will be honest the world over. It will eventually overthrow the idea that the creatures of God, to the extent of millions, will, in a future state, cry out for mercy from burning brimstone, to receive mocking responses from their Creator. It will teach that the Maker of us all is less a devil than they have in many instances already been taught. It will teach that punishment is corrective, and that it ceases upon the accomplishment of its purpose. God deliver us from theological bondage. God send us more laborers into the world's great harvest, laborers that shall be both sane and sound, sincere and zealous.

Fifth. Unitarianism can accept service from natives who will be loyal to God and to conscience—who will be true to all that is good in the Koran, the writings of Buddha, and who will gladly teach and preach all that is beautiful and good in the Bible. Unitarianism will insist upon loyalty to conscience, as superior to stooping to churches, creeds, and forms, and can, if it will, accomplish wonders among heathens as yet unknown to missionaries of any nation, sect or name.

Lastly, if the "ism" to which our inquirer belongs makes hell a necessary part of its gospel, the "greatest good it can do for both itself and the world is to efface itself as quickly as possible." When that "ism" emphasizes practical religion as much as it does formal, then shall we gladly regard it as a competent instructor, and readily lend our ears to the lips of its teachers.

E. W. SYMONDS.

Browning's Statesman.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU, SAVIOR OF SOCIETY.

Those of us who are inclined to demand "reform" very urgently from our public men and legislators, will do well to study this presentation of the point of view of a statesman. Both have their place: he who boldly agitates a moral question and he who brings about a practical advance in its treatment—Garrison to thunder against slavery and Lincoln to accomplish emancipation. It is well to understand the motives and acknowledge the services of both. In this poem we find Browning's idea of the latter.

Hohenstiel-Schwangau's "revelment of myself" begins with his rule of life:

"Namely, that just the creature I was bound
To be, I should become, nor thwart at all
God's purpose in creation."

He is not one of the rare regenerative natures, but

"A conservator call me, if you please,
Not a creator or destroyer; one
Who keeps the world safe.
Some dervish desert-spectre, swordsman, saint,
Lawgiver, lyrist,—oh, we know the names!
Quite other these than I. Our time requires
No such strange potentate,—who else would dawn,—
No fresh force till the old have spent itself."

Here is encouragement for those many faithful workers who can not originate, but endeavor to popularize and deepen the appreciation of the great originators:

"To shoot a beam into the dark, assists:
To make that beam do fuller service, spread
And utilize such bounty to the height,
That assists also,—and that work is mine."

He has held the balance straight for twenty years, not representing this or the other interest.

"Neither friend would I content,
Nor, as the world were simply meant for him,
Thrust out his fellow and mend God's mistake."

No upheaval of society does he want, and no "hazarding the main result by hoping to anticipate one-half in the intermediate process." Government must be for the mass of men.

"Oh those mute myriads that spoke loud to me,
The eyes that craved to see the light, the mouths
That sought the daily bread and nothing more,
The hands that supplicated exercise,
Men that had wives, and women that had babes,
And all these making suit to only live!"

Theorists from all sides cry out with what Spencer calls "the must-do-something plea." He replies that once upon a time he himself

"Was like all you, mere voice and nothing more,"

crying,

"Unfettered commerce! Power to speak and hear,
And print and read! The universal vote!
Its rights for labor!"

but

"Once pedestaled on earth,
To act, not speak, I found earth was not air.
I saw that multitude of mine, and not
The nakedness and nullity of air,
Fit only for a voice to float in free."

Yet these mute myriads did not make him "believe one whit less in belief, take truth for falsehood," nor cry for bread alone.

"Not bread alone, but bread before all else
For these; the bodily want serve first," said I."

Here is a hint to help those dwellers in a great city who are distracted by widely varying calls for their help. Men need help in intellectual life, in morals, in religion. The richest in money are often poorest in inner life. And yet so long as there are "men with the wives and women with the babes, and all these making suit to only live," why, then, "The bodily want serve first," say I, and keep up the charity section in your church, even if the Browning club languish. For if the body be not cared for in

"Earth's space and the lifetime,
Where is the good of body having been?"

He will

"Resolve to let my body live its best,
And leave my soul what better yet may be
Or not be, in this life or afterward."

It would be too long to describe how Hohenstiel-Schwangau carries out his aims, in spite of many temptations from Sagacity to secure present good at the sacrifice of the future, to

"Imperil, for a problematic cure
Of grievance on the surface, any good
I' the deep of things, dim yet discernible."

This is his answer:

"Least, largest, there's one law for all the minds,
Here or above; be true at any price!
'Tis just o' the great scale, that such happy stroke
Of falsehood would be found a failure."

Though a believer in peace, and describing the "Jingo" temper with indignation, he finds war necessary.

"Hear the truth, and bear the truth,
And bring the truth to bear on all you are
And do, assured that only good comes thence,
Whate'er the shape good take! While I have rule,
Understand!—war for war's sake, war for the sake
O' the good war gets you as war's sole excuse,
Is damnable and damned shall be."

But

"For truth and right and only right
And truth,—right, truth, on the absolute scale of God,
No pettiness of man's admeasurement,
In such case only, and for such one cause
Fight your hearts out, whatever fate betide
Hands energetic to the uttermost!
Lie not! Endure no lie which needs your heart
And hand to push it out of mankind's path!"

That has a ring like our Lowell's "To front a lie in arms and not to yield." And thus he governed.

"For the many first,
The poor mean multitude, all mouths and eyes;
Bid the few, better favored in the brain,
Be patient, nor presume on privilege,
Help him, or else be quiet,—never crave
That he help them, increase, forsooth, the gulf
Yawning so terribly 'twixt mind and mind
I' the world here, which his purpose was to block
At bottom, were it by an inch, and bridge,
If by a filament, no more, at top."

Thus he did his part;

"The man's, with might
And main, and not a faintest touch of fear,
Sure he was in the hand of God, who comes
Before and after, with a work to do
Which no man helps nor hinders."

FLORENCE F. GRISWOLD.

THE idea that education is dangerous to religion and morals is the fear of a timorous and sceptical person, who secretly suspects that religion and morality have no solid basis, and that if too much light is let in, people will find it out. It is half-education that is dangerous. It was a wise man who said that a little learning tends to make people sceptical, but profounder knowledge inclines them to faith.—*Woman's Journal.*

Give.

"Good Teacher, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" (Mark x: 17; Revised Version, marginal reading.) Jesus first repudiates the adjective "good" as savoring too much of worship. "None is good save one, even God." He does not tell the inquirer to believe, but "Thou knowest the commandments: Do not kill, Do not commit adultery, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Do not defraud, Honor thy father and thy mother." These six commands pertain to the duties of man to his fellow man, or to morality. The other four commands, based on man's relation to Jehovah, are not mentioned.

According to Jesus, then, morality is the prime requisite to one who would "inherit eternal life." The closing passage in Mark makes belief the prime requisition; but even orthodox scholars confess that the passage is probably spurious, as any one can see by consulting the Revised Version. Satisfied with the good morals of the man, Jesus "loved him," and said unto him, "One thing thou lackest: go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor." What was lacking? Not morals, but love. He had been a hard-faced, strictly just and in every way moral and a worshiping man; but had not concerned himself for poverty-ground humanity. He had grown rich in a land where poverty constrained men to pray "Give us this day our daily bread"—no provisions in the cellar and no money in the bank (very different from the case of the well-to-do, who now use that prayer three times on Sunday) and where people were so poor that if a woman lost a little piece of money she lighted a candle and searched till she found it, and then called in her neighbors, saying, "rejoice with me for I have found the piece which was lost."

This man, then, though moral and a worshiper of Jehovah, had never learned love's lesson, that "It is more blessed to give than receive." He would not take a penny more than belonged to him; neither would he give one that did belong to him. Jesus tells him that if he would live on in blessed memory in future ages, he must build himself a monument, not with stone, but with self-sacrificing deeds. As Stephen Girard lives to-day by Girard College, and J. Lewis Smithson by the Smithsonian Institute, and Peter Cooper by the Cooper Institute; as Jesus, himself, and Buddha live to-day in the thoughts and hearts of millions, so this man, if he would immortalize himself, must do it by the same means, and the only means, which in a good sense immortalizes other men, viz.: self-sacrifice. Give. Sell and give.

PERRY MARSHALL.

Resistance or Non-Resistance.

In an extract from Prof. E. D. Cope, published in *UNITY*, some time ago, I find these words: "If resistance to evil were more general, the world would be better." I say unto you, "Resist not evil," are the word of Jesus. Now do Jesus and Professor Cope teach antagonistic doctrines? If so, I must accept the teachings of Jesus rather than of Professor Cope. Did not the Shakers resist evil in the most effectual manner, and in the spirit of the precepts of Jesus, when, in their early history, they faced their persecutors, not with swords and clubs in their hands, but with stern and stinging rebuke, telling their persecutors that they were contending against the spirit of truth, against the teachings of Jesus, against their own sense of right, when they scoured, imprisoned, fined and tortured them for no crime of theirs, for no harm they had done, or wished to do, but because they worshipped God according to the dictates of their own conscience, and taught the members of their community to obey to the letter the precepts of Christ? It seems that this kind of resistance towards their enemies and persecutors proved effectual in quelling their hate and enmity, and soon made them their defenders and friends. We wish that Professor Cope would explain the exact methods we are to adopt in resisting evil. Are we to resist evil by doing evil? Is the old Mosaic code, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," to be practiced now that Jesus has given us a different and, as we think, a better rule to go by? J. S. B.

Philanthropy.

If anything ail a man so that he does not perform his functions, if he has a pain in his bowels, even—for that is the seat of sympathy—he forthwith sets about reforming the world. Being a microcosm himself, he discovers—and it is a true discovery, and he is the one to make it—that the world has been eating green apples; to his eyes, in fact, the globe itself is a great green apple, which there is danger, awful to think of that the children of men will nibble before it is ripe; and straightway his drastic philanthropy seeks out the Esquimaux and the Patagonian, and embraces the populous Indian and Chinese villages; and thus, by a few years of philanthropic activity, the powers in the meanwhile using him for their own ends, no doubt, he cures himself of his dyspepsia, the globe acquires a faint blush on one or both of its cheeks, as if it were beginning to be ripe, and life loses its crudity and is once more sweet and wholesome to live.

I believe that what so saddens the reformer is not his sympathy with his fellows in distress, but, though he be the holiest son of God, is his private aid. Let this be righted, let the spring come to him, the morning rise over his couch, and he will forsake his generous companions without apology.

If, then, we would indeed restore mankind by truly Indian botanic, magnetic, or natural means, let us first be as simple and well as Nature ourselves, dispel the clouds which hang over our own brows, and take up a little life into our pores. Do not stay to be an overseer of the poor, but endeavor to become one of the worthies of the world.

—Henry D. Thoreau.

To do a piece of common Christian righteousness in a plain English word or deed; to make Christian law any rule of life, and found one national act or hope thereon,—we know too well what our faith comes to for that! You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke than true action or passion out of your modern English religion. You had better get rid of the smoke and the organ pipes, both: leave them, and the Gothic windows, and the painted glass to the property man, and look after Lazarus at the door-step. For there is a true church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or Mother Church that ever was, or ever shall be.—Ruskin.

A New Version.

The child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," seems to regard "the Lord" as a stranger, certainly not as a relative. It puts fear of death into the mind of the little one, and that at the most unfavorable hour, if it were ever allowable, and suggests a doubt in regard to the child's well-being in case death should occur in sleep. Our little ones have used the following, which I offer, instead of the time-honored "Now I lay me:"

Now my Father, while I sleep,
Kindly watch-care o'er me keep;
When I wake in morning light,
Help me live the day aright.
Ever trusting in thy care,
May I feel thee everywhere;
I would see thy loving face,
I would thank thee for thy grace.

P. M.

Record of Virtue.

William Bilborough, an obscure member of Spurgeon's church, had a heart full of sincere though unobtrusive religion, and will be gratefully remembered by many women. In a back street he kept a second-hand furniture shop, in the window of which he placed the following notice: "Any poor and unfortunate sister that requires a good home, will she kindly inquire within?" He was the means of rescuing many, and he preserved a record of one hundred and forty-eight who persevered and are now honest women.—*Journal of Woman's Work*.

THE UNITY CLUB.

The Trial and Death of Socrates.

Continued from last week and concluded.

THIRD EVENING—"PHÆDO."

"That man should be of good courage about his soul, who, having adorned her with no foreign ornaments, but with those which alone befit her,—moderation and justice and courage and freedom and truth,—thus awaits his journey to the world below, ready to set forth whenever the voice of fate shall call him."

"Bury me just as you please, if you only get hold of me."

(1) *Great Words.* Noble sentences of the dialogue, from memory. A round-the-class exercise.

(2) *Notes and Queries.* Short oral explanations with reference to *Aesop*; *Greek Slaves*; the classic idea of *Suicide*; the *Greek Mysteries*; and what did Socrates mean by his last request?

(3) *Paper.* "Journeys to Purgatory, Heaven and Hell—by non-Christians and Christians."

See "Illustrations" at end of first volume of Longfellow's "Dante;" and Alger's "History of the Doctrine of a Future Life." Also at the close of Plato's "Republic," the story of Er and the revelation made to him.

After-talk.—Does metempsychosis seem to you unlikely? The immortality of brutes,—why not? What think you about personal pre-existence?

Read part of Wordsworth's ode,—"Intimation;" etc.

(4) *Paper.* "Plato's 'Phædo' and Emerson's 'Immortality.'"

The two essays analyzed and compared.

(5) *Discussion and Readings.*

(a) The fear of death: do many fear it? Who fear it most? Is the fearlessness of it proportioned to clearness of belief in immortality?

Read Robert Browning's "Prospice."

(b) Is our assurance of immortality—or our doubt of it—an instinct or a reasoned theory? What is your name for the assurance—is it hope, belief, faith, or knowledge?

(c) Which class of reasonings most confirms your faith,—

The evidence appealing to the senses? (Jesus's resurrection, mediums, etc.)

Or the possibilities which physical science suggests? (Ethereal bodies, evolution, etc. Such books as Tait and Stewart's "Unseen Universe," Fiske's "Destiny of Man," Stockwell's "Evolution of Immortality.")

Or arguments based on the nature of the Soul,—its instincts and powers? (Plato's, Emerson's, Wordsworth's, etc.)

Or those depending on the Moral Law? (Justice due to our implanted longings and our love; the law of compensation, etc.; the goodness of God.)

Read the close of Emerson's "Threnody." Does George Eliot's "Choir Invisible" satisfy you? And what say you to Matthew Arnold's sonnet, "Immortality?"

If the class will spend a second evening on this subject, Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and Robert Browning's "La Saisiaz," might each be made the theme of a paper and discussion.

FOURTH EVENING.—THE INFLUENCE OF SOCRATES.

"Such was the end of our friend, a man whom we may well call, of all men known to us of our day, the best, and, besides, the wisest and the most just."

(1) *Bible Resemblances.*—A round-the-class exercise. Those who have noted passages in the three dialogues akin to Bible words now compare their lists in the class.

After-talk. Is Christianity in all respects the higher faith? Take the question on three sides,—as to moral ideals, the thought of God, and the thought of immortality.

(2) *Paper.* "Socrates the Teacher, and his Influence."

His *Subject*: in what sense was he "parens philosophiae?"—His *method* of "intellectual obstetrics;" his "two innovations;" in what sense was he "father of science?" Socrates and Bacon.—His *theory of ethics*, "virtue is knowledge." Was he a "utilitarian?" His *moral ideals*.—In what did his greatness lie? His place among the world's great thinkers.

After-talk.—Was the oracle right? Did he over-estimate his "mission?"

(3) *Tributes to Socrates.* What does the world think of him? Read short tributes.

For instance, what does Plato say of him at end of the "Phædo?" And Xenophon at end of the "Memorabilia?" And Cicero, in "Tusculan Disputations," v. 4? And John Stuart Mill, in his essay on "Liberty?" Grote, in his "History of Greece," VIII., 457, 488? Stanley, in his "History of the Jewish Church," III., 245, 252? Emerson, in the Plato chapter of "Representative Men?" etc.

(4) *Paper.* "Socrates and Jesus."

Compared as to outward circumstances; as to character; as teachers; as martyrs on trial and in death; as sources of influence.

After-talk.—Do you agree with your essayist? (All should read beforehand parts of the "Memorabilia" of Socrates, and re-read the Sermon on the Mount and the account of Jesus' trial and death, in the Gospels.)

THE STUDY TABLE.

Idols and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley.—By John James Piatt. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25

Mr. Piatt has done wisely in here collecting in one volume the poems bearing directly on western life, for he is pre-eminently the poet of the Ohio valley. The local color is perfect in every idyl, yet the whole landscape is bathed in "the light that never was on sea or land." Mr. Piatt's metres are severely simple; his effects are unstudied; he has the gift of seeing the poetry in everyday life. As direct and natural as Wordsworth, his is the subtle instinct the other sometimes lacks, which discriminates between the common and the commonplace.

The atmosphere of the book is the atmosphere of Indian summer, of dreamy reverie, of tender pathos, best illustrated by his own perfect quatrain, "Torchlight in Autumn:"

I lift this sumach bough with crimson flare,
And, touched with subtle pangs of dreamy pain,
Through the dark wood a torch I seem to bear
In Autumn's funeral train.

A. W. B.

Non-Biblical Systems of Religion. A Symposium. New York: T. Whittaker, Bible House. Cloth, pp. 243.

This volume contains the following chapters: Ethnic Inspiration, by Archdeacon Farrar, D.D.; Ancient Egyptian Systems, by George Rawlinson, M.A.; Ancient Canaanite Religions, by Rev. William Wright, D.D.; Earlier Hellenic Religions, by Rev. Edwin Johnson, M.A.; The Jewish Faith, by Rabbi G. J. Emanuel, B.A.; Islam and Christianity, by Sir William Muir; Buddhism and Christianity, by T. W. Rhys-Davids, LL. D., Ph. D.; Ancient Scandinavian Religion, by Hon. Rasmus B. Anderson; Positivism as a Religion, by Prof. J. Radford Thomson, M. A.; The One Purely Moral Religion, by Rev. W. Nicolson, M.A.

The character of this book is guaranteed by the writers of its chapters. It is very interesting, full of information, and generally broad and catholic in its treatment of the subjects above mentioned. The book is a reprint of articles originally published in the *Homiletic Magazine*. It will prove of value to all students of comparative religion.

A Garland for Girls. By Louise M. Alcott. Roberts Brothers: Boston. Price, \$1.25.

A collection of short stories. Each story is woven about the flower from which it takes its name. The lessons of self-sacrifice and kindness to others contained in these stories cannot fail to help the youthful readers, so earnestly are they presented by the author, who has endeared herself to girls.

UNITY CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT.

Love.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. J. LL. JONES, AT CHICAGO,
JANUARY 15, 1888.

(Published by the Congregation.)

He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?—MICAH vi: 8.

II.

"TO LOVE MERCY."

"To love mercy." This is the second prophetic requirement of religion as stated by Micah. Without stopping to discuss texts and words I take this phrase at its largest, and will let it stand for love. This is another of those great words that can not be tethered. It refuses to be harnessed with any intellectual gear that the mind of man can shape for it. Like religion, it is one of the great verities that defies definition, because it is so intimate and integral a part of our life. It reaches deeper than experience can fathom and stretches higher than observation can follow. I will not attempt this morning to do what my betters have so often failed to do, viz.,—to shape the philosophy of love; no, I can neither analyze nor define it. Like the woman in the story who found her wholeness by touching the hem of the garment of that high embodiment of love whom we all do honor, I will be content if I may touch here and there the hem of love's ample garment, and be strengthened thereby. I will attempt first a few descriptive sentences; second, to discover a few of the obstacles in the way of love as an element in the religious life; third, point out a few of the signs of that love that is religion, or that religion which is love.

First,—remember what I have said before so often: I abandon the fruitless attempts at definitions here as elsewhere in the domain of religion. Not from emptiness, but from fullness, not because it is vague, but because it is overwhelming. Not because it is shadowy and intangible, but because it is substantial, that which stands under, the foundations that are ever out of sight if adequate. The quality of mercy which the prophet had in mind is that love which is too real for demonstration. At the risk of reiterating my words of last Sunday, I again say, that it is only the detached fragments of the universe, that which is remote from ourselves, that yield ready definitions and arrange themselves promptly in our classifications. The great cosmic realities, gravitation, electricity, spirit, thought, love, God, are known only as they touch us by first-hand connection; they are things of revelation not of definition, they are discovered only through experience; searching them we miss them so often; not finding them they are with us. Nay, we are of them, in them. We see the planets waltzing through the graceful changes of the heavenly dance, ever being precipitated one upon the other, but never colliding. We feel ourselves held solidly to our place, and trustingly resign ourselves to sleep in the arms of a force to which, in order to cover our ignorance, we give the name "gravitation." We thankfully accept the message that drops from the lightning-tipped pen, and shape our conduct accordingly; we seek another screen to hide our ignorance, and call the messenger electricity. This word in the hands of the most skillful scientist is like the pigeon-hole in your desk marked "miscellaneous," into which you put all papers that defy classification. The calow birdling in his nest feels the helpful ray and grows strong of wing in the heat of the sun, yet the closest student and greatest philosopher has been unable to wrest from that ray its innermost secret. So is it with love—one of the most intimate and universal experiences of life; nay, as the etymology of the word would perhaps indicate, it is life itself, and on this account it eludes the crucible of the dictionary-maker; whatever it is, it is one of the superlative forces in religion. It is the cement of his-

tory. It is the gravitation of the spirit that binds each to all. It is that which puts a moral meaning into everything. It is the glow from the central sun that warms everything. It is the radiance that touches with a wild and strange beauty the darkest marsh and lights up the gloomiest forest. It is that which can flood the poorest soul with joy and make rich the most barren life. Love shelters without walls, love builds homes where no architect has reared them. Love sanctifies altars where no ceremonial waters have been sprinkled by priestly hands. Love makes a church where no spire is. It consecrates its priesthood without the help of bishop hands. Love commissions prophets who refuse to sign the creeds, and tips with inspiration words thrown out of glowing hearts in every clime and by every people. Love, and love alone makes worship spontaneous, heaven a present reality, every truth a treasure, and God an attraction instead of a terror,—a reality embedded in all real things, a presence in every present verity of matter and mind. Love is that positive force that polarizes all other forces; without it truth becomes a falsehood and justice tumbles over into injustice.

But why waste time in trying to describe that which you already know better than any description? Why try to characterize that the signs of which are manifest in every character? What is love? I do not know. But it is the anxiety which I see in the mother's eye and the tenderness in the father's touch. It twines the child's arm about your neck; it presses the little face close against the window pane, and keeps it waiting and watching there. It is that which binds distant hearts in close embrace, and, by its subtle existence, makes light burdens of heavy tasks and makes heroic hearts that, without it, would be draped with cowardice. Let me carry this search still closer to the earth. The love that is the requirement of God—an essential element of religion—is that which makes faithful the dog that clings through life to the dissolute man, which bends the neck of the faithful horse to receive the caresses of a child. That power that makes the most timid bird brave to fight for her brood is one in essence with that power that carries the soul in its unspeakable longings toward the Infinite. It is one with the thirst for the ineffable,—man's passion for things eternal. When we think of the distance which this Ineffable and the Eternal is away from us, we call it God; but when by love's light we are conscious of the nearness of these things, we call it our Father, and when we have the fullness of this mercy, this love, the "Our Father" breaks like the jet of water in the fountain into a thousand pearly words—wife, husband, son, daughter, brother, sister, dear, darling: every accent of endearment, every touch of tenderness is a confession of faith in God, a movement of spirit in prayer. It is the "Our Father" prayer reduced to the vernacular of home and our daily needs. In this way is the old inspiration of our Bible-maker verified in the new experiences of to-day. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." "He that loveth not is not of God." The truest and most searching name of Deity is that of love. Our homeliest experience justifies Paul's rhapsody, in which all gifts of knowledge and of prophecy are subordinated to the gifts of love.

The Dakota farmers, who last week wandered through the blinding blizzard tied together with ropes in search of missing school children, justified Paul's saying: "Greater than faith and hope is love." Without love, faith's anchor-cable snaps; without love the song of hope is hushed.

"Love God and man,—this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand;
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy well beloved preach."

I turn now to my second task, and try to enumerate some of the obstacles in the way of this religion of love. First, I think one of the most common perplexities is the persistent assumption, born out of a crude philosophy, that love springs from some fractional part of human nature called the heart, which fraction is ever arraying itself against another fraction of human nature called the head. Much of our religious

thought is based on this assumed antagonism. It proceeds on the theory that justice is in perpetual conflict with love, and that this conflict is carried into the very center of the godhead. The old rhetoric of the pulpit used to draw vivid pictures of the great debate in the council chambers of heaven, in which justice and love figured as the rival disputants for the possession of man. This desperate dispute was not settled until Jesus came forward and decided the case in favor of love by appeasing justice with his precious blood. God is love, says the prophetic voice. "Aye," groans the theologian, "but He is just also;" and deals with the problem as though these two words represented the irreconcilable sides of a paradox. All this degrades sentiment into sentimentality. That is a false judgment that assumes for one moment that it is possible to be just without being loving, or that it is possible to be loving and at the same time to be unjust. The experience of humanity, as well as the largest generalization of science, proves that love and justice are not foes, but friends; nay, there are not two of them, but one. They are the two syllables in one word. Love is the emphasis of justice; it is the divine seal that makes authoritative, executive the decrees of judgment. Justice establishes the balance, the even poise between atom and atom, between neighbor and neighbor, between man and woman, between humanity and God—and love causes these forces to clinch and hold. One is impossible without the other. Material atoms are nicely poised by the balances of attraction and repulsion, but it takes fervid heat to fuse these particles into solid rock and precious metal. Justice holds human beings to the nice balance of rights and duties in a moral universe; love touches this balance with a heat that melts all into one supreme interest. Love is justice in earnest; it is duty changed into a privilege, obligation glorified into an opportunity. Justice says, you must do this; love says, of all things this is what I desire to do. Justice constructs the engine, fits the parts and lays the track; love builds the fire under the boiler, and it goes. Love is justice with the bandage torn off her eyes. O, but you say, love is blind. I do not believe it. Injustice is; reckless passion is blind, but love is illuminated,—it is all eye. No one feels so keenly the short-comings of a child as the mother that bore him, save that one that loves the child more than mother. No, love is not inanity; it is no sentimental, it is divinely stern. It will use the cruel knife and guide it through quivering flesh, if thereby the insidious cancer can be removed. Love can hurt when hurting is helpful. It will not curse the loved one with any pitiable dole of pity. That is the severest chastisement, as so many of us have realized, that which is administered in tears. Every patient knows that the loving surgeon has a stern touch; he handles the broken limb with a firm hand. Judgment is the material with which love builds her most enduring fabrics. Well does the poet say—

"The learned eye is still the loving one."

You find me a full heart, and I will find not far away a large head to feed the fires of that heart. O, we little know how strong is love, how deliberate and reliant is love. I remember with awful vividness that long sick, helpless day at Corinth, where I lay at the outer edge of the battle, where the wasted waves of carnage broke incessantly around my feet. I saw strong men in those amateur days with blanched faces grow weak by the sight of torn limbs and mangled corses. I saw the knife drop from the nerveless fingers of incipient surgeons as they stood appalled by the flow of patriot blood; when the frail form of a woman, a seeming shadow among the large-limbed men rushed forward, grasped the severed artery, staid once more the crimson flow, and summoned back to duty the bigger, though the weaker vessels at her side, she was the stronger because she loved the more. The poet's dictum is equally true when reversed: "The loving eye is still the learned one." When the hot breath of the advancing flame drives back the stalwart fireman, a mother rushes into the red hot jaws of the flames, gropes her way through smoke and falling timber to the child, and returns triumphantly with it in her arms. She loved more, hence her

stronger judgment. I do not forget my last Sunday's sermon, and I hope you do not. Justice is still the paramount thing in religion. It is piety unimpaired with selfishness; but justice would ever fail of fruition were not love ever near to enforce its behests. Let me repeat, love is justice in earnest. Love is right militant, is truth active; it is religion in the concrete, it is embodied piety, it is faith in a life not faith in a creed,—it is life. Away, then, with that mediæval phantom that is afraid that love will interfere with justice, and is suspicious of its power in the world. The honor of men and the rights of women are safe in the stern hands of love, and they are safe nowhere else. Love, when asked by justice, promptly draws on the steel gauntlet, and, if need be, most dexterously it can use the sword.

"Till out strode Gismond: then I knew
That I was saved. I never met
His face before; but, at first view,
I felt quite sure that God had set
Himself to Satan. Who would spend
A minute's mistrust on the end?

"And e'en before the trumpet's sound
Was finished, prone lay the false knight,
Prone as his lie, upon the ground:
Gismond flew at him, used no sleight.
O' the sword, but open-breasted drove,
Cleaving till out the truth he clove."

The common conception of love in religion is, I think, that the prodigal when he went away from home left love behind him. Love staid on the farm to feed the calf, that it might be ready for the dinner when the wayward returned; but the truer conception is that love went with that bad boy and staid with him. It was love that parted him from his gold, made hard his bed, and tore into shreds his garments. Love made bitter the husks and still more bitter his reflections among the swine. Love was just as active in wringing tears out of his debauched life as it was in changing his penitential rags for the best robe of hope and endeavor. I repeat, then, that this essential element of religion, this tremendous power that is to influence men and women into noble deeds and high living, is no maidenly inanity that faints at the sight of a tear, that will veil the eye of justice with a glamor of pity, or will pinion the arm of justice with any bandage of mercy,—because the arm of justice is the arm of love; there is but one arm for this one verity. Cut this body in two, and neither part, no, nor both parts put together again by any contrivance is ever a human body; so with the soul,—dismember it and you destroy it. Take the head out of religion, and you have no heart left in it worth speaking of. Your sentiment will grow into sentimentality, and your affections will end in affectation. And take love out of religion, take feeling out of the soul, and you have no justice left; you have only a cold stone image which you call justice, which will make the very multiplication table lie, and the Golden Rule cruel.

A second obstacle to the religion of love is logically connected with this one we have been discussing. The crude metaphysics that dissected the soul of man, put love and justice into antagonism, of course has passed over into theology. It has enthroned above a cruel divinity, and this God reacts upon the men and women who worship him. So long as men are taught of a jealous, vengeful God, so long will the hearts of his worshipers be sullen and morose, so long will they, in sullen imitation of their God, continue to hate and persecute. To such all the fires of the sun will fail to make a cheerful glow of this sunny world of ours. While the highest conception of being that men carry about with them in their bosoms is of one who, in his infinite wisdom of finite weaknesses, still persists in tossing the poorest and weakest of his creatures into any form of deathless damnation, so long will such men hate without reason, condemn without mercy, resent without judgment, distrust the forces that cradle them, and reject the messengers of the most high that are sent to them. So long will they try to divorce justice from love and so lose both. And their lives will continue to remain miserable. But when men will learn that the reins of the universe are held in im-

partial hands, that all the tumultuous play of forces, from the seethings of a volcano up to the eruptions of a French Revolution, ever tends to make mind, free mind—that is, minds unobstructed on the lines of their larger evolution, minds permitted to move on the lines of their greatest opportunity and highest estimate—then will they gather courage in the turmoil and find peace in the conflict. When men learn that there is one tender solicitude for the growth of life and the development of soul, reaching from the protozoan, who measures one one-thousandth of an inch in diameter, up through Shakespeare to the highest archangel wherever he may be, they will learn to condemn not, and with the loving justice of him who uncomplainingly endured the cross and bade men go “sin no more” they will work and wait with that cheerfulness that is both just and loving. While pulpit or creed teach of a jealous God solicitous for his own glory, so long will religion remain to some minds a sort of a spiritual sulky, two-wheeled and single-seated, in which they try to win heaven for themselves. But when they realize that all the forces of God are friendly forces, that, as Emerson says, the universe takes care of the culture of the boy who tries to do his duty, that all the experiences of life, bitter and sweet, if properly understood and rightly utilized are conducive to excellence, then will the lives of men become more and more loving, and they will carry benedictions wherever they go. The worst atheism is a belief in a bad God, because it breeds hatred, wrath and jealousy, and these are to life what darkness is to light, what cold is to heat,—the absence of them.

“O Father of All,
Thou lovest all! Thy erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to thee.
All souls are thine; the wings of morning bear
None from that presence which is everywhere
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there.”

A third barrier in the way of the religion of love is found in our crude faith in the superior power of the physical. We still are children of our barbarian ancestry and believe tremendously in outward facts to the neglect of inward verities. The thought that brute violence is more terrible than anything else still lingers in the preaching of to-day, and it forms the practical creed of too many of us. My friend admits to me that this religion of love is a very desirable thing among cultivated and right-minded people, that he himself finds food in none other, but that it has little power over the vicious and no terror for the sinner; consequently he pays his money to the support of the church that deals still in some hell-fire tortures for the benefit of the ignorant, the vicious and the depraved. There are plenty of preachers who will conscientiously tip a knowing wink to the wise ones in their congregation, and say: “God can not be as bad as our creed; there may be even a probationary chance for a heathen after death. But it is best to keep the fires of hell alive yet in the public mind as a protection to morals, even though they may not exist anywhere else.” Somebody won fame during our great war by saying that hell had become a military necessity while treason lasted. “Rule by love if you can, but if you fail, rule anyhow,” is the practical instruction, I suppose, to most of our school-teachers.” As if love was not the most force-full of all the forces, as if it is not the most stern of all stern. Love is the right arm of omnipotence. Where it goes it must triumph because it is enkindled right, it is justice red hot, it is truth with the steam up. Love tames the wildest horse, the most skillful horsemen know no other power; love domesticates the eagle, makes a pet of the panther, causes the lion to withdraw his fangs, and makes his paws as harmless as a silken glove. Is the lowest and weakest savage less amenable to the religion of mercy and the forces of love than these. Shakespeare and Robert Browning notwithstanding, I believe that there is no Caliban wearing the remotest semblance of humanity but that can be reached by love, and when reached can be lifted up and quickened by love. When love fails to control an unruly life, to discipline a lawless school, to manage a turbulent populace, then hate and wrath may well give over the task. Of course I mean no rose-water sensibility, no limp tenderness, but I mean the

strong, heartful grasp that brings to bear every movement of the mind and applies the latest dictates of wisdom and knowledge. I mean the love that is clear-eyed to see all deformities and to see also the flickering sparks of goodness and righteous ambition in the darkest recesses.

Now for our fourth undertaking,—What are the signs of this great religion of love? First, last and always, love makes religion helpful, it shames the soul out of a whining concern for its own salvation, it fills it with a noble yearning for the salvation of others. The selfish, “What shall I do to be saved?” of the revival room is changed into the sublime prayer of forgetfulness, “What can I do to save?” Love gives the weakest something to do,—makes a work-bench for the most helpless. Usefulness is the watchword of the religion of love. Its devotees prefer, like the robin, the *Bron-rhydden*, the “scorched-breast” of the fable to burn their bosoms in carrying drops of cold water to cool the parched tongues of those who writhe in the lowest hell, rather than have a seat in the high galleries of heaven where, in uninterrupted idleness, they may listen to harping seraphs and choir-ing cherubs.

Love brings trustfulness; the loving soul is a confiding one, for “perfect love casteth out fear.” However conflicting may be the “broken arcs” upon the earth, the religion of love teaches us to believe that they all conspire to make in some high “heaven the perfect round.” Failure itself is evidence that the soul is made for some fullness that can not fail. Love relates us to the ultimate purposes, gives us great zeal for the universal. Show me the man who is patient in the face of difficulties, tolerant in the face of opposition, broad in the face of narrowness, and I will show you the man who has a loving soul, and him I call religious, however undogmatic his thought and however unsatisfactory his creed may be.

The last sign of the religion of love I wish to speak of is cheerfulness, and this may well include all others. I challenge the religion of any man or woman who does not add something to the moral sunlight of the world. Such a religion has a poor right to exist, and the sooner it gets out of the world the better for the world. Religion has too long been allowed to drape itself in sable garbs. I believe that it is yet to appear that one of the most malignant forms of impiety is that which takes the form of the “blues.” I know that despondency may and does often spring from physical causes; I know what a burden is sometimes entailed upon us by our ancestry in this matter. But it behooves us to learn that such a disposition, however we may come by it, carries with it terrible moral results, and we must, each and all of us, hold ourselves morally responsible for depreciating the spiritual life about us. Cheerfulness is the oxygen in the spiritual air, breathing which vitalizes the blood and invigorates the life of the soul, while despondency and discouragement is to the soul what malaria is to the body,—a subtle, pervasive poison, which baffles the physician’s skill, and is the starting point of the diseases that infect modern life. Are you cross and petulant? The doctor may tell you you have a torpid liver, and he is right; but I also tell you that you may have a torpid heart, an inactive head. Your life is wanting in love. And I, also, am right, and some day the doctor and I will agree about your case, and we must compound our prescriptions before the difficulty is reached. Is mankind ungracious; do things conspire against us? Oh, let us look within and find our barrenness, see how naked are the walls of the soul. Then let us open wide our eyes; let us look around us, about us, beneath us, everywhere, and see that the world is full of throbbing, vigorous, beautiful, growing life. Let us take some of this into our own life and enlarge the boundaries of our being. When we cease to hate we forget to mourn. The only pessimism to be dreaded is that born out of unloving lives. Don’t accuse me of preaching the easy gospel of the healthy to the fortunate,—I confront the facts of a poverty-stricken world. The day is cold and it means misery. I know the grave and the sick bed is in the world. I have felt the touch of grim hands; I know the

weight of burdens, and it is in the face of these that I still say that life does not warrant the funeral garb, the sepulchral tone and the downcast eye that do so frequent the altars of religion, because love is capable of lightening all these burdens, and mellowing all these sorrows. Love has enabled souls to turn from new-made graves to sing and to teach others to sing, "How beautiful it is to be alive!" Love has made the sick-chamber a larger world of usefulness and joy than the halls of mirth and revelry; and many a poor man in this world has, by the power of love, made a home in the world which the capitalist, with his millions, lacking love, has failed to do. The log cabin of the one is a sunny spot in the landscape; the stately column, reared of polished marble, of the other, is as a gloomy presence, chilling and darkening the horizon.

For your concluding question, the one I ask so often in this pulpit,—ask, that I may have a chance to answer it, I have no new answer to those who are accustomed to hear me preach—How am I to obtain this love, this divine passion for justice?

I would like to love God, but I do not know Him. I have sought Him, but can not find Him. Again your failure comes in trying to grasp this cosmic law of unity. Our little systems attempt to divide the indivisible, to separate the inseparable. We talk of divine love as though it was something from human love. I tell you, the love of God is the love of man, and they are interchangeable terms, or rather both of them phrases thrown out toward a reality big enough to include both. The affections of heaven are not opposed to the affections of earth. I know not how to divide and classify this sublimest passion of the human soul. You can not cut it up into kinds and say one is good and the other bad, if you do not even know what the phrase "love to God" means;—very well, love mankind; take your age and race into affectionate embrace. Again you reply: "I would, if I could, but I can not. Men are so vulgar, women so flippant, humanity so low, taken in bulk, I do not like it." Very well; cherish profoundly your affections for husband or wife, son or daughter, father or mother. "But I have no father or mother, no brother or sweetheart." Very well; love your dog; take into your heart a canary bird or a rose-bush, if there is room for nothing more. You remember the misanthropic prisoner, in that charming little French story of "Picciola," who won his way back to his home, his country, his kind and his God through the help of the little flower that pushed its way up through the cracks in the stone pavement in the prison yard. Begin there, and you have a bit of the love that is divine—you have found so much of God. Put your reading, your wisdom, your affection into "the meanest flower that blows," and it will give you thoughts too deep for tears, until at last, like Schiller, you will "want to take the world" into your arms and kiss it. You will find that you can not do justice to the wife that you do love, unless you have a thought for the beggar boy in Bombay. The tears of a child over the dead body of a pet bird spring from the same fountains of love as that which will one day cause her to brood children, croon over grandchildren, to reach out into the neighborhood, to all the world, to look up into the unfathomable depths and feel the real presence of the Father above all and beneath all, in whom "we live and move and have our being." Begin anywhere and love anything with the wisdom of a rational being and the inspiration of justice in your soul, and you love God. "You loved the child too much, so God took it away from you, lest you make an idol of it to His exclusion," is the way preachers used to talk. I decline to reverence such a God, and devoutly deny His existence. Commend me rather to the lowly piety of the gentle Cowper, who said, "I would not enter on my list of friends the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." The religion of love does not necessitate the rhapsodical piety difficult to understand and seldom experienced, though far be it from me to deny the reality of such; but it is the obedience to the simple, natural impulses of human nature; it is the discharging aright of your func-

tions as a factor in the home, as a neighbor and as a citizen. Thus inevitably you become a member of the household of humanity, a grateful inheritor of the past, a diligent contributor to the future. And this is religion.

THE HOME.

Snow Bound.

Inside one's home, with plenty of fuel, food and light is a very comfortable place to be snow bound. We felt this, and did not complain when looking from our windows on Thursday, January 26, we saw the door-yard piled full, the barn doors blocked, and our once vine-clad sunny south door piled half its height with snow. Drift upon drift covered the walls, fences and the huge pile of wood in the yard. The snow was blown by the high wind into mammoth piles unknown in this region for years; all day the tempest raged, but our coal fire burned bright the while, and we had plenty of nuts and apples. These, with our reading and the work that willing hands ever find to do, made us quite contented.

Friday morning came, but no foot-track of either man or beast broke the smooth hillocks of pure white snow. The sun rose displaying millions of diamonds,—not black diamonds, dead and lusterless, as seen upon Chicago's snow, but ablaze with beauty. The expanse of pure, spotless snow, with a background of evergreen trees, would scarcely recognize with brotherliness the filthy snow of the city. Imagine the moonlight upon this scene of purity! 'Twas like a bride dressed for the altar. The smoke curled upward from our neighbors' chimneys, and through the still air we heard the lowing of their cattle and the cackling of their fowls. Our chore-boy dug a channel to the little shop across the yard; but ventured no farther, and spent the day building a rat trap. At night the howling wind shrieked and moaned through the tall fir trees in the yard. Never did the wind seem more angry. It spent itself at last, and Saturday morning it was calm; so from over the hill a mile away came young Parker, with snow-shoes on his feet and a shovel on his back, to help "break out."

Once again we were in communication with the outer world. No stage could scale the mountainous drifts, and our mail was brought from Concord (seven miles) on the back of our brave stage driver. Let those who have their mail placed upon their table daily, and who need only go round the corner to post a letter, think of us snowed in a mile away from the post-office. We watch eagerly for a neighbor going to the village, knowing that he will bring the mail for all the neighborhood.

This is a winter that calls for deeds, not words. God pity the poor!

SARAH M. BAILEY.

HOPKINTON, N. H.

A Boy's Prayer.

Omaha Mamma—"There now, stop chattering and say your prayer."
Little Son—"Make sister shut up so I can. Say, mamma, can"—
"I told you to stop talking."
"I know. Can you—" "Say your prayers!"
"Yes, I'm goin' to. Now I laymedowntosleep I prayth' Lordmysoul to keepif Ishoulddie before awakeIprayth'Lordmesoutotake say mamma, can you move your ears?"

The above is clipped from the *Household Monthly*. There is many a mother who questions whether it is of any use to compel her boy to do a thing continuously which he neither understands nor cares for in the least. Yet she might not be troubled with doubts when insisting that he hang his cap in the hall, always, when he comes into the house, even if he didn't care to, nor understand why it wasn't just as well to toss it on the parlor sofa; or, when steadily insisting upon his prompt and regular attendance at school, as he grows older; upon good manners and honest performance in everything. In time the habits become a part of himself, and the meaning which lies behind them gradually sinks into his life, shaping it for better or worse.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Philadelphia.—The members of the Germantown church made Friday evening, the 10th, notable by a celebration of the fifth anniversary of the installation of their present minister. Every reception in which the heart shares is of course successful, but I think this one to Mr. Clifford, which seemed to witness an almost unanimous rejoicing in his spiritual methods and success at Germantown, was, in some respects, unusual, and in all respects gratifying to those rightly informed as to the spontaneity of the offering. There was nothing parsimonious in the spirit with which the occasion was invested. The courtesies of invitation were spread generously to all the liberal societies, and, I believe, to at least many representatives of orthodox churches who could properly be approached. I recognized there myself familiar faces from the Ethical and Camden societies, as well as from the older churches, and the feeling throughout was cordial, as fitly might have been expected of any demonstration of fellowship with which Mr. Clifford, or any person who understood him, was in any way connected. There was nothing formal in the incidents of the evening. The decorations of the parlor, the feast spread in a neighboring room, the ever changing groups of interested talkers, gave simplicity and beauty its free way. Some absent members sent up from the south a remembrance of palmetto and palm leaves. Of the representatives of the societies, Messrs. Ames, Weston and Haskell were present. Although no stated recognition of the honor done him was given on the evening in question, Mr. Clifford preceded his sermon of the following Sunday with a few brief sentences expressive of his gratefulness. In conclusion, I should say that Mrs. Clifford's meed of influence this day, as in the general life of her husband, must be regarded as a factor which, though not to be defined, is too sure and large to be withheld from mention. The tribute was naturally to both, and had either been absent, there would have been a blunt point to the purpose of the reception. It is to be added, moreover, that the local papers, in so far as they noted the event at all, were awake to the evidences of large inclusiveness by which it was to be remembered.

H. L. T.

Fall River, Mass.—The Flower Mission started in the Unitarian church in this city has resolved one branch of its work into a charity organization for the city. The Browning class, limited to seventy-five, has reached a membership of sixty-eight.

San Francisco, Cal.—DEAR UNITY: It is a great delight to receive you every week. We have had the privilege, by invitation, of worshiping in the beautiful Temple Emanu-El until our new church be built—which, you will be happy to know, is to be free from debt. The annual meeting of the Unitarian church was very interesting. According to the report read, we are \$5,000 ahead of the "estimates," so far, and we are to have the finest and sweetest toned bell that can be bought, a present from Mr. John Perry, one of the early pillars of the church. The site is a choice one and the plan beautiful. The corner-stone was laid Christmas day—the same corner-stone and the only stone that was in the old church (which was of brick, stuccoed over so that nearly everybody thought it was of stone), with the same and added inclosures. The sarcophagus that contains Starr King's body is to be placed in the lot beside the new stone church.

Dr. Robert Collyer's sermon was grand, and the church was crowded the last time service was held there. You know what glorious sermons and lectures that greatest of living preachers freely gave us while he was here. He spared not himself, he was equal to every demand, soul-satisfying to the crowd that flocked to hear him, —an apostle of good. One lecture he gave to our Channing Auxiliary, and one collection our trustees gave to our society for Christian work. Each of these societies connected with our church has now \$100 on hand in the treasury.

The Oakland ladies said they had been greatly benefited by Doctor Collyer's preaching for their society. They are first and foremost in energy and achievement, and all good works. Rev. Mr. Wendte made a success of our Pacific Coast conference at Oakland,—you had the particulars. It was one of the most interesting I ever attended.

We are delighted that Hon. Horace Davis, so prominent in our church, so beloved in the Bible-class, so superior a speaker and scholar, is lately elected president of the University of California, and has accepted the position.

Dr. Stebbins gives us, as usual, fine sermons, morning and evening, and a lecture to our Channing religious class every fortnight at his home.

K. S. B.

Chicago.—Mr. Jones led the noon teachers' meeting. The lesson was the 15th chapter of Luke—three parables with one meaning. These incomparable parables were Jesus's answer to the charge of the Jews that he consorted with publicans and sinners. The question was asked, Is it right that one silver piece and one sheep should be of more value because lost than those which remain? Ought there to be more rejoicing over the recovery of the lost than over those that always were kept safe? This was answered mainly, No; yet allowance must be made for the keen and intense feeling aroused by experiences while they are new and fresh. Mr. Jones thought the elder son in the Prodigal Son stood for the Pharisaic party among the Jews.

—As the result of four weeks of "revival meetings," conducted upon a broad and non-sensational plan, the Rev. Mr. Conklin, pastor of the Universalist church on the west side, recently welcomed forty new members into his church.

—The Library Association of All Souls church was the recipient of a pleasant windfall the other day in the shape of a complete set of the Encyclopædia Britannica with Stoddart's "American" supplement, from W.H. Rand, Esq., chairman of the board of trustees of the Methodist church across the way. And now the niches on either side the "Unity mantel" in the parlor have realized the prophecy which they have heretofore represented. This gift is not only valuable for its own sake, accessible to any one, and useful to the increasing number of Unity Club workers and other students in the parish, but it is valuable as a pledge of fellowship, a symbol of the good will that overreaches church lines.

St. Cloud, Minn.—Unity church, of this place, was legally organized on February 11, and a board of nine trustees elected by the congregation.

Boston.—The Superintendents' and Teachers' Union will consider at their next meeting the subject of "Temperance in the Sunday-school." —Rev. Geo. L. Chaney, of Atlanta, Ga., last Sunday preached for Rev. J. F. Clarke, who is slightly ill. Mr. Chaney addressed the "Boston Association" on Monday, at the house of Rev. Doctor Cadner. His society is composed of families from the south, the north and the west, about one-third each. He finds large elements of strength and activity in that combination. In Atlanta there now exists very little prejudice against northern men and ways. That prejudice is fast wearing away, even in conservative towns like Aiken, S.C. The south own their need of northern co-operation in the now appreciated education of white and colored children, in feeding newly aroused religious thought, in introduction of the best literature, and in business development, as in commerce, farming, manufactures and mining. Northern Methodist or Presbyterian ministers are received less cordially than northern liberal clergymen. Orthodox ministers there are generally quite as liberal as the advanced evangelical preachers in the north. Since the war, all the people think more carefully, and are given to weighing opinions and ideas with a more accurate beam than before their great struggle.

Toledo, Ohio.—The growth of the new movement at this place continues. Recently it organized under the name of the "Church of Our Father," with the following Bond of Union: "We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, believing that we can better promote pure Christianity—love to God and love to man—by associating ourselves together as a religious society than we could in our individual capacities, unite in the interest of this cause and work. Recognizing the right of private judgment and the sacredness of individual conviction, we require no assent to any doctrinal statement, but welcome all who desire to co-operate with us in advancing the cause of rational thought, religious culture and right living."

Still Hebrews.—Moses Myervitz, of Nashville, Tenn., has published a physiological household handbook, in Hebrew, under the title, "Source of Life," for the benefit of those in this country who "read the Hebrew only, or in preference to any other language!" We supposed there were none such.

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Liverpool.—A leaflet advertising the February activities of the "Domestic Mission" managed by the Unitarians and led now by the Rev. T. Lloyd-Jones, is before us. This is the way the weeks run: *Sundays*—Children's religious service in the morning; evening, preaching service, "seats free and hymn-books provided." Books issued after Sunday evening service from the library. Sunday-school in the afternoon. Savings bank deposits received from the children after that service. *Mondays*—Temperance Society meeting; the programme of the month published. The Provident Society receives deposits of one penny and upward for two hours that day. *Tuesdays* there is Mothers' Meeting, Married Men's Class and Junior Singing Class. *Wednesdays* there is a Girls' Club, a shorthand class and religious service. *Thursdays* a musical and dramatic society meets, and there is a fife-learners' class. *Fridays* there is the Band of Hope and a Dorcas Society, and the Elder Scholars' Society; this last manages a printing press, runs a reading room and administers the library of 1,000 volumes. All checks on the Provident Society paid. *Saturdays* the drum and fife band practice is suspended for the month. Helpers to distribute temperance tracts are called for, and the whole ends with the following rhymed tract, which may be the kind of thing which we ought to have in our "Short Tract" series to do duty with in America, and in certain quarters which our printed word seldom reaches. It is entitled "What Makes a Man," and runs as follows:

"Not numerous years nor lengthened life,
Nor pretty children and a wife,
Nor pins and chains and fancy rings,
Nor any such like trumpery things;
Nor pipe, cigar, nor bottled wine,
Nor liberty with kings to dine;
Nor coat, nor boots, nor yet a hat,
A dandy vest or trimmed cravat;
Nor all the world's wealth laid in store;
Nor master, reverend, sir, nor squire,
With titles that the memory tire;
Nor ancestry traced back to Will,
Who went from Normandy to kill;
Nor thousand volumes rambled o'er;
Nor Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew lore;
Nor judge's robe nor mayor's mace,
Nor crowns that deck the royal race.
These all united never can
Avail to make a single man."

"A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A spirit firm, erect, and free,
That never basely bends a knee;
That will not bend a feather's weight
Of slavery's chance for small or great;
That truly speaks from God within;
That never makes a league with sin;
That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God, and him alone,
And bows no more than at His throne;
And trembles at no tyrant's nod;
A soul that fears no one but God,
And thus can smile at curse or ban—
This is the soul that makes a man."

India.—The seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth days of January the Brahmo Somaj celebrated its fifty-seventh anniversary. The *Indian Messenger* calls the founding of this church "an event to the religion of India what the French Revolution has been to society. The creation of a theistic church, accessible to all men, irrespective of color or caste, in caste-trodden and scripture-ridden India, was a marvelous experiment." In another connection this paper speaks of the four characteristic outcomes of this movement as "*immediacy, spirituality and catholicity*." Lord Ripon, at the head of the English government in India, recognized these three days as legal holidays and ordered that no case in which a Brahmo was concerned should be tried in the court on that day.

Wisconsin is having a "pulpit" of its own, entitled the *Wisconsin Unitarian Pulpit*. The December number is "The Unitarian Gospel, by T. B. Forbush; the January number, "Jesus Brought Back," by J. H. Crooker. They are neatly printed, and deserve wide circulation. Other things being equal, the native seed in the long run yields the best harvest, so we rejoice in the multiplication of activities.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, Feb. 26, services at 11 A. M. Study section of the Fraternity, March 3; subject, Clara Barton. Feb. 26, 7:30 P. M., Religious Study Class; subject, Religion of Greece. March 2, 4 P. M., Illustrated Art Lecture, by Mr. Utter; subject, Christ in Art.

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday, Feb. 26, services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, Feb. 26, services at 10:45 A. M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, Feb. 26, services at 11 A. M.; subject, "The Sanctity of the State." In the evening, "George Washington." Monday evening, "Novel" section of the Unity Club. Browning section, Friday afternoon at 4 P. M. Bible Class, Friday, 7:30 P. M. Choral Club, 8:30 P. M.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, Feb. 26, services at 10:45 A. M.

UNION TEACHERS' MEETING at the Channing Club room, 175 Dearborn street, Monday, Feb. 27, at noon. Rev. Mr. Utter will lead.

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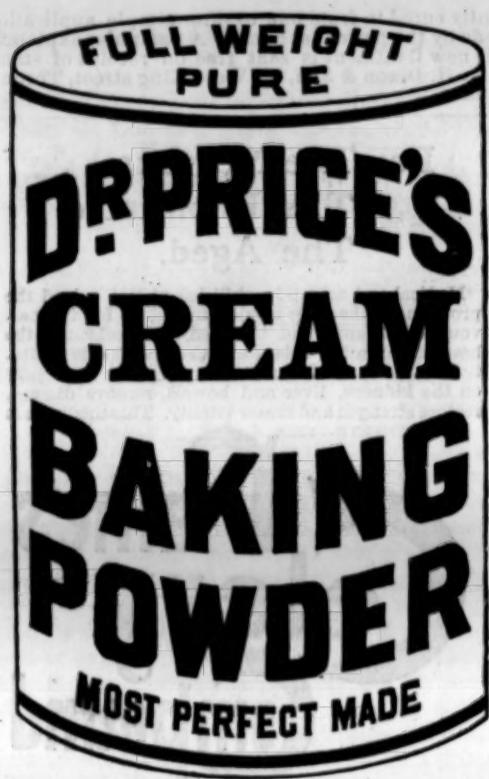
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